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3. H. f

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF TABACCO.

Lusimus Octaui &c.

AT LONDON
Imprinted for *Iohn Flesher*, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules Church-yard at the signe of the black Beare. 1602.

SEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

Ad mare riuuli.

TO MY LOVING FRIEND MASTER MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THe tender labour of my wearie pen,
And doubtfull triall of my first-borne rimes,
Loaths to adorne the triumphs of those men,
Which hold the raines of fortune, and the times:
Only to thee, which art with ioy possest
Of the faire hill, where troupes of Poets band,
Where thou enthron'd with Laurell garlands blest,
Maist lift me vp with thy propitious hand;
I send this poëme, which for nought doth care,
But words for words, and loue for loue to share.

——— namq; tu solebas
Meas esse aliquid putare nugas.

TO MY LOVING
FRIEND, MASTER
MICHAEL DRAYTON.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THe tender Nurse of my weake Muse,
And comfortall with ofte sweete kisses;
Hastes to adorne the measures of our Muse
Which hold the prizes of all Poets times:
Only to face, which as with Iuie vailes
Of the Laurell, where crowns of Poets stand,
Where then vnkinde will with Laurell garlands bleed
Nihil lit mey with thy prophetious hand;
Heard this poore verse, which for nought doth care,
But words for words, and leaue for loue to share.

IN LAVDEM AVTHORIS

GRaunt me ſmooth vtt'rance Muſes to reherſe
The pleaſing ſmoothneſſe of thy worthy verſe:
If there be words fram'd by admired wits
To ſing thy praiſe, thoſe words my verſe befits,
But ſuch are ſcant, and there's not one remaines
Can giue thee due, none worth enough containes
To ſing thy praiſe in an vp-raiſed ſtraine,
And giue deſert to thy admired paine:
Feare not the cenſure of each babbling tongue,
They care not whom they pleaſure, whom they wrong:
Reſpect it not if fooles thy Muſe miſcall,
Thy paine, her worth deſerues applauſe of all:
In whoſe adoring if my pen offends,
My heart my pens defaults will make amends.

Z.D.

SEe how the chatt'ring throngs of Poets vaine
Beſiege the paths vnto the Muſes cell:
See how they pant, and beate with fruitleſſe paine
The ſteepie traces to the learned well:
Securely thou their vaine aſſaults diſcount,
Thou, whom Apollo *by the hand hath guided*
A new-found paſſage to the horned mount,
And from the rout vnhallowed hath deuided,
And taught thee raiſe thy ſoring Muſe on wing,
And thy triumphant name in learned eares to ring.
There didſt thou gather on Parnaſſus *cliſt*
This pretious herbe, Tabacco *moſt diuine,*

In laudem Authoris.

Then which nere Greece, *nere* Italy *did lift*
A flower more fragrant to the Muſes ſhrine:
A purer ſacrifice did nere adorne
Apolloes *altars, then this* Indian *fire,*
The pipe, thy head: the flame to make it burne,
The furie, which the Muſes doe inſpire:
O ſacred ſmoke, that doth from hence ariſe,
The authors winged praiſe, which beates vpon the skies.

W.B.

WHom Helicon, *and* Tempe *doe adorne*
With ſugred gifts of diuine poetrie,
Let no detracting Zoilus *him ſcorne,*
Thinking thereby to cure his maladie:
For he that once doth Homers *pen diſpraiſe,*
Cannot himſelfe to Laureats honour raiſe.
Then thou, that art the author of this booke,
Send forth that ſacred fume from out thy braine,
That thereon well-diſpoſed wits may looke,
And ſay, Giue me Tabacco *once againe:*
For Caſtile *nere did ſuch a pipe afford*
Of Trinidade *vpon mine honeſt word.*

H.H.

IF that the Bee, whoſe winter paines are reſt,
For gath'ring hony in the fruitfull ſpring,
And making choiſe of eu'ry flowre the beſt,
That to her hiue ſhe may the ſweetneſſe bring,
Doth to her ſelfe deſerue ſo great a praiſe,
What may be his, whoſe whole yeares worſt ſpent hower,
For recreation on ſome idle daies,
Hath ſuckt ſuch hony from an Indian *flower?*

What

In laudem Authoris.

What may be his, whose yonger yeares are such?
What may be his, whose first fruits are so faire?
What may be his, I cannot say too much,
Nay what is his to giue I doe despaire:
As one too weake to giue them their desart,
Yet rather chuse my selfe to take a maime,
Then for to faile to shew a louing hart
Vnto my friend to recompence his paine.

I.A.

WHat my poore Muse can doe, she vowes it thine:
Black set to white makes it farre cleerer shine:
Thus like a faithfull friend she first assaies
With her owne shame to purchase thee the praise:
And yet if enuie seeke thy worth to blot,
(As what deserts be they she staineth not)
Through truer zeale she plaies this second part,
The spite, that's aim'd at thee, comes through her hart.

N.P.

SOmetimes all man, that hath vs'd soule and breath,
Must print his heele on the black way of Death:
But this small poeme, though the least of manie,
Shall liue like Soules, though natures worst gifts die:
Till all the compounds weare their fierie sheete,
Not till all Death shall this slight storie fleete.

M.G.

To the white Reader.

TAke vp these lines Tabacco-like vnto thy braine,
And that diuinely toucht, puffe out the smoke againe.

B.H.

My

In laudem Authoris.

MY new-borne Muse assaies her tender wing,
And where she should erie is inforst to sing:
Her children prophesie thy pleasing rime
Shall neuer be a dish for hungrie time:
Yet be regardlesse what those verses say,
Whose infant mother was but borne to day.

F.B.

I Doe inuoke none but thy selfe to praise thee,
For there's no other Muse so high can raise thee:
Thou art my Muse, I can thy praises tell,
My Muse hath tasted of the Muses well.

F.R.

THe tender plant, which goodly fruit hath bore,
Being growne doth promise farre more bountious store:
Seeing thy youths prime a worthie worke hath dight,
What shall thy riper Muse produce to light?
Tabaccoes *spring, transforming, soueraignties*
Set forth with truth, fictions, Philosophie,
Merits enroulement with Mœonian *quill*
Thy wit, zeale, labours, and thy learned skill.
Doctrina, ingenio, studijs, pietate, labore,
Exupera, polle, profice, cresce, vige.

I. P.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF TABACCO.

I Sing the loues of the ſuperiour powers,
With the faire mother of all fragrant flowers:
From which firſt loue a glorious Simple ſprings,
Belou'd of heau'nly Gods, and earthly Kings.
Let others in their wanton verſes chaunt
A beautious face that doth their ſenſes daunt,
And on their Muſes wings lift to the skie
The radiant beames of an inchaunting eye.
Me let the ſound of great *Tabaccoes* praiſe
A pitch aboue thoſe loue-ſicke Poets raiſe:
Let me adore with my thrice-happie pen
The ſweete and ſole delight of mortall men,
The *Cornu-copia* of all earthly pleaſure,
Where bank-rupt Nature hath conſum'd her treaſure,
A worthie plant ſpringing from *Floraes* hand,
The bleſſed offſpring of an vncouth land.
Breath-giuing herbe, none other I inuoke
To helpe me paint the praiſe of fugred ſmoke:
Not that corrupted artificiall drug,
Which euery Gull as his owne ſoule doth hug,

BRITISH MUSEUM

And in the ſweete compoſture of a docke
Drinkes to his Ladies dog, and Miſtreſſe ſmocke,
Whoſe beſt conceits are broacht of baſtard fume,
Whoſe wittie ſalt depends on the ſalt rheume,
Which firſt like Vapours doe aſcend on high,
But quickly vaniſh ere they touch the skie,
Which like to Meteors for a while amaze
The ſimple ſoules which wondring ſtand at gaze:
But being knowne from whence they firſt were fir'd
Are counted baſe, and ceaſe to be admir'd.
Auant baſe Hypocrite, I call not thee,
But thou great God of Indian melodie,
Which at the *Caribes* banquet gouern'ſt all,
And gently rul'ſt the ſturdieſt *Caniball*:
Which at their bloodie feaſts doſt crowned ſit,
And ſmok'ſt their barking iawes at eu'ry bit:
Which lead'ſt the Circle of a ſauage round
With iarring ſongs, and homely muſicks ſound:
Which to fond mirth their cruell minds doſt frame,
And after with a pleaſing ſleepe doſt tame:
By whom the *Indian* Prieſts inſpired be,
When they preſage in barbrous Poetrie:
Infume my braine, make my ſoules powers ſubtile,
Giue nimble cadence to my harſher ſtile:
Inſpire me with thy flame, which doth excell
The pureſt ſtreames of the *Caſtalian* well,
That I on thy aſcenſiue wings may flie
By thine ethereall vapours borne on high,
And with thy feathers added to my quill
May pitch thy tents on the *Parnaſsian* hill,
Teach me what power thee on earth did place,
What God was bounteous to the humane race,

Caribes be ſauage people of America.

On what occaſion, and by whom it ſto od,
That the bleſt world receiu'd ſo great a good.
Before the earth and heau'n were create,
When the rude *Chaos* lay diſconſolate,
When this great All, and wondrous worke we ſee
Had neither forme, nor part, nor qualitie,
Blind Nature did her *Atomi* diſperſe
Ouer the large confuſed vniuerſe,
And heau'nly powers all out of order plac't,
Were buried in the bowels of the Vaſt.
Then did theſe ſeedes, which yet vnpoliſht were,
Wage warre againſt the ſeedes of ſingle-beere,
And ſmotherd in that topſi-turuie trance,
Nouriſht ſome ſmacke of mirth and iouiſance:
But when this maſſie lumpe had chang'd her face,
And eu'ry thing poſſeſt his proper place,
Yet did this plant in darke obliuion lurke,
Small trauaile could not bring forth ſuch a worke:
(Like to *Alcmenaes* ſonne the God of might,
Whom to beget *Ioue* made a treble night)
Till wiſe *Prometheus*, which compoſ'd a creature
Excelling all the world in forme and feature,
When he that rare immortall worke had done,
Stole fire from the bright chariot of the Sunne:
Which farre-fetcht fire had ſeru'd him to no end,
But that the Earth her chiefeſt powers did lend:
For ſeeing how great *Phœbus* was beguil'd
To make a God of her beloued child,
And alwaies enuying at the Gods aboue,
(As her * Viperean brood of Giants proue:
And totall ruine of her ſtubborne race,
For whom in * teares ſhe waſht her watrie face)

* This Chaos ancients faine to be a diſordred maſſe, out of which the world was made.

* Some Philoſophers fained that the world was compoſed *ex Atomis*, of little motes gathered together.

* The rebellious Giants were fained to haue Viperean or ſnaky feete.

* At the generall flood.

She call'd her Herald-winds, and charg'd them all,
That they a councell of her ſubiects call:
Out goes her Purſeuant the bluſtring gale,
And ſummons eu'ry hill, and euery dale;
Curles eu'ry riuer with a ſliding touch
From *Titans* riſing to his Weſterne couch,
And with the whiſſing Trumpet it doth beare
Commaunds each earthly ſubiect to appeare,
And on a high Embaſſage doth repaire
To Earths three ſiſters, Water, Fire, and Aire:
(Theſe foure are ioynt copartners, and coheires
Of all that lies below the ſtarrie ſpheres:
Who for their kingdomes bounds haue been at ods,
But now they by the ſentence of the Gods,
And their dread vmpires, Hot, Drie, Moiſt, and Cold
In common, and without diuiſion hold)
The day was comen, when on a ſtately pile
Foure ſeates were plac't on the Americk Ile,
Where theſe great Princes and their portly traines
Made enterview on the* *Atlantick* plaines.
After* *Pandora* had made euident
The cauſe of this ſo ſudden Parlement,
Tearing her flowrie locks, and furrowed face,
She gan lament the poore *Prometheus* caſe.
Stand out (quoth ſhe) thou that art thus diſtreſt,
Declare thy caſe, for here thou maiſt be bleſt.
Then ſtept out he as a condemned man
Clothed in blacke, and thus his ſpeech began.
Know moſt dread Soueraignes of the lower globe,
I am a dead man, and this guiltie robe
Shewes that by colour of the Gods contemn'd
I to a Vulturs mercie am condemn'd,

* Atlantis (the Iland which *Plato* mentiõs) ſome ſuppoſe to be America.
* The earth.

On *Caucasus* amid the *Scythian* groue,
By the fear'd sentence of almightie *Ioue*,
There to be tide in euerlasting chaines,
Plung'd in the horrour of eternall paines:
Yet this torments me not, this must be borne,
(And patience comes perforce to men forlorne)
But that my worke which I haue erst begun,
For all my labour should remaine vndone,
That's my vexation, that's my only griefe,
And only rests in you to giue reliefe:
For *Ioue* enuies the beautie of the frame,
And seekes all meanes how to deface the same,
Looking on me with a suspitious eye,
As a corriuall of his dignitie;
When he may well remember (if he please)
How little I deserue such lookes as these,
When I with counsell of an aged head
Did stay his youthfull thoughts from *Thetis* bed,
And told him there he should beget a sonne
Should him depose, as he before had done
His father *Saturne*: then he thankt me faire,
(But words are quickly turn'd to fleeting aire)
Now hates he me, and doth my worke detest,
Which must vnlesse you helpe vnperfect rest,
For all my sharpe inuentions cannot find
How life vnto this trunke may be combin'd.
Here grandame *Ops her grieued head did shake, *The earth.
And made the massie earths foundations quake,
Then gusht cleere fountaines from her hollow eyes,
(Floods from the earths strange motions often rise)
And at the last her lips did part in two,
(As after Earth-quakes they are wont to doe)

Is't not enough (quoth ſhe) that tyrant *Ioue*
Hath my ſonne *Saturne* from his kingdome droue?
And me his mother hath confin'd below,
Becauſe I wept as partner of his woe?
Is't not enough my middle part doth frie,
While head and feete benumd with cold doth lie?
That alwaies halfe my Realme the Sunne doth lack,
And for his abſence mourne in gloomie black?
Or that my louing ſubiects neuer ſee,
But halfe the heauen whereſoere they be?
Is not all this enough, and more then this
To be ſecluded from all heau'nly bliſſe?
Bound in a dungeon, vſ'd as though I were
A beaſt ordain'd laborious waights to beare?
Each maſſie thing, and the worlds waightieſt part
Preſſing vnto my center, to my hart,
Where he hath made huge caues, & darkſome holes,
Places of torture for offending ſoules,
Whoſe howling yells, cries, curſes, grones and teares
Are poiſ'ned obiects to mine eyes and eares:
And is not this enough, but muſt he ſtill
Croſſe the good purpoſe of my harmleſſe will?
Hindring the proiect of our gen'rall care,
Our ſonne whoſe wiſhed fruite we hope to ſhare,
Nor ſhall too ſweete an expectation mocke
Vs happie beldames of a bleſſed ſtocke:
Only it reſteth that we now deuiſe
To ſeate our darling in the ſtarrie skies,
Which purpoſe that we to effect may bring,
A plant ſhall from my wrinkled forehead ſpring,
And eu'ry Ladie ſhall that herbe endow
With the beſt gemmes that deck her glorious brow,

Which once inflam'd with the ſtolne heau'nly fire,
Shall breath into this liueleſſe corſe inſpire.
Scarſe had ſhe ſpoke, but by vnite conſent
It was allowed by eu'ry element,
Each mountaine nodded, and each riuer ſleeke
Approu'd the ſentence with a dimpled cheeke,
And eu'ry thing in dauncing meaſure ſprung,
As erſt they did, when gentle *Orpheus* ſung:
As when the Actors of ſome Enterlude,
Which pleaſe the ſenſes of the multitude,
Are backt by the Spectators of the play
With a wiſht laughter, or a Plaudite:
So with vnperfect voyces all the rout
Grace this opinion with a loftie ſhout.
(Like *Bacchus* prieſts whom *Strymons* banks rebound, *Strymon* and *Hebrus* riuers in Thracia.
Whom the ſhrill Ecchoes of fleete *Hebrus* ſound)
Till Fire the eldeſt ſiſter vp did ſtand,
(And ſilence made with her imperiall hand)
Praiſing the proiect ſwore to grace the ſame
With actiue powers of her eternall flame.
Aire likewiſe promiſt ſhe would rarefie
The earthly droſſe to ſimple puritie,
And cauſ'd her skipping Meteors to addreſſe
Their gifts of light, and iocund nimbleneſſe,
Her cloudes from heau'nly flood-gates manuring
The ground, where this expected herb ſhould ſpring.
Water refuſ'd her vertues to inſpire,
Leaſt ſhe ſhould quench the hope of future fire,
Yet did the ſeruants of her excellence
Offer each one their beſt parts quinteſſence:
The Icy waues were all with Chriſtall fraught:
The *Magellanick* ſea her vnions brought:

Tagus

Tagus with golden gifts doth proudly riſe,
And doth the famous *Indian* rills deſpiſe:
Eridanus his pearl'd *Electrum* gaue:
Euripus the ſwift fluxure of his waue:
From *Britiſh* ſeas doth holeſome Corall come:
The *Daniſh* gulfe doth ſend her *Succinum:*
And each this hoped embryon dignifies
With offring of a ſeu'rall ſacrifice.
The earth her ſelfe at laſt did procreate
This herbe compoſed in deſpite of fate,
And charged eu'ry countrie, and each hill
A ſpeciall power into this leafe diſtill,
Which thus adorn'd, by holy fire inflam'd
Sweete life and breath within that carkaſſe fram'd:
And had not *Tellus* temper'd too much mud,
Too much terrene corruption in the bud,
The man that taſted it ſhould neuer die,
But ſtand in records of eternitie:
And as the aſhes of the *Phœnix* burn'd
Into another liuing bird are turn'd,
So ſhould the man, that takes this ſacred fume,
Another life within himſelfe reſume:
So *Iolaüs*, when his firſt was done,
His ſecond life was of *Tabacco* ſpunne.
Some ſay for this *Ioue* vexed at the heart
Did hide it long from the worlds better part:
Hence came that former ages neuer knew
The goods, that by this ſeeming weede accrue.
Till as the *Graces* trauail'd through the earth,
Giuing to men their gifts of heau'nly mirth,
At laſt when they into *Americk* came,
Drawne by the ſtrange delights, and countries fame,

Iolaus was the only man that euer had two liues.

They

They in the palace of great *MuteZume*
Were entertain'd with this celeſtiall fume:
Where they forgetting all their wonted pleaſure,
Imbrac't with ioy this trueſt *Indian* treaſure,
And there remaining did no more reſpect
Our petie world with nought but trifles deckt.
So the faire *Graces*, which were wont to ſport
Amid our louing feaſts, and ſweete reſort,
Were now ſecluded from our luckleſſe eyes,
And in their place did braules and quarrels riſe,
All friendſhip baniſht from falſe *Europes* ſight,
Where flattring lurkt in ſtead of deare delight.
Till we poore ſoules in many troubles toſt,
Seeking the *Graces* which we erſt had loſt,
When we had often ſought them farre and neere,
After great paine and trauaile found them there.
Others doe tell a long and ſerious tale
Of a faire Nymph that ſported in the vale,
Where *Cipo* with his ſiluer ſtreames doth goe
Along the valleyes of *Wingandekoe*,
(Which now a farre more glorious name doth beare,
Since a more beautious Nymph was worſhipt there)
There in a greene bowre did this Maiden dwell,
Where pretie waues of a delicious well
Leapt at her ſight, and with a faint rebound
Bubbled ſweete Muſicke with a daintie ſound.
(This fountaine as a Nymph did whilome range,
Till by her prayers the Gods her forme did change,
When *Cipo* ſought her chaſtities abuſe,
As *Alpheus* did to virgin *Arethuſe*) (daunted
There dwelt this Nymph, which with her feature
The ſoueraigne Gods, and mortall men inchaunted.

MuteZume was King of the Weſt Indies, when *Cortez* firſt arriued there.

Wingandekoe is a counttey in the North part of *America*, called by the Queene *Virginia*.

So full she was of most delightfull grace,
That by the modell of her beautious face
Ioue was about to build the heau'n anew,
And change the azure to a ruddie hew,
And pull the starrie lights from out the skies,
Leauing but two in likenes of her eyes:
But when the Fates so great a change forbade,
In imitation of her red he made
A ruddie night before a ioyfull day,
And by her white he fram'd the milk-white way:
Her golden threeds were so inchaunting faire,
Men scorn'd the Sunne to gaze vpon her haire,
Phœbus asham'd of this immur'd his beames
Within the cincture of the Ocean streames:
Whereat *Ioue* angrie sent swift *Mercurie*,
Who to the palace of the Sunne did hie.
Now the Sunnes Court was glorious to behold,
Supported with strong pillers of bright gold,
The top of Iu'ry was, the doores of plate,
Where *Vulcan* did so liuely imitate
The heau'n, the earth, the sea, the ayre, the flame,
That heau'n, and earth, and sea enui'd the frame.
Thither came *Hermes*, and with lowring cheare
Cited the Sunne in person to appeare
Before the Gods to tell his cause of stay,
Why he so long did dallie with the sea.
Phœbus obey'd, and when the Gods were met,
And eu'ry one in wonted order set,
A way was made by the fierce God of warre,
And *Pluto* brought the pris'ner to the barre,
Whom *Suada Ioues* Sollicitour accus'd,
That he his light and vertue had abus'd,

The Goddesse of eloquence.

That whereas he had ſworne by feared *Styx*,
When *Ioue* the ſeale did to his patent fixe,
That he would neuer in one place be found,
But reſtleſſe runne about the maſſie round:
This ſolemne oth he had not duly kept,
But in his ſtrumpet *Thetis* lap had ſlept.
Here *Ioue* did *Suadaes* accuſation breake,
And beckning gaue *Apollo* leaue to ſpeake.
You Gods (quoth he) that here as Iudges ſit,
I ſeeke not to defend my cauſe by wit,
My chiefeſt plea is ſpeechleſſe eloquence,
Grounded vpon my ſpotleſſe innocence:
Yet if I pleaſ'd to winne eternall glorie
By the ſweete cadence of mine Oratorie,
I could reuiue the dead, and heale the ſick
By fluence of celeſtiall Rhetorick:
The pleaſant Muſick of the heau'nly ſpheres
Should pleade my cauſe to your attentiue eares:
But with plaine termes ſhall my iuſt act be tride.
(Who laies on colours doth the ſubſtance hide)
I doe not make a night as long as three
To dallie with my loue in iollitie,
(And yet I might as well ſuch dalliance proue,
As *Ioue* at *Thebes* for his *Alcmenaes* loue)
Nor my bright face in liquid teares doe ſteepe,
Though my ſonnes fall haue giu'n me cauſe to weep:
But on the earth there is a greater light,
Which with her raies doth equall day and night:
Once from my couch I was about to riſe,
But ſtraight this brighter lampe ſtrooke blind mine eyes:
My ſiſter *Luna* when the night drew nie,
Hath been as loth to ſhew her light as I:

Nor can our ſplendent glorious lamps compare
With her two lamps that farre more glorious are:
And my *Aurora* hides her face away,
Sleeping with her *Tithonus* all the day,
And when ſhe once beheld this radiant face,
Hath euer ſince bluſht at her owne diſgrace:
The Sphæres of Planets with a ſudden chaunge
Make her the center of their circled raunge:
And all the heau'nly Orbes doe diſagree
What part ſhould oft'ſt in her *Horizon* bee:
And mortall men colour and light deſpiſe,
Eſteeming her the obiect of the eyes:
While ſhe (as women be) proud of her honour,
Makes the night day that men may gaze vpon her:
Ioue hearing this diſmiſt the Court in haſt,
And in a ſillie ſhepheards weedes debaſ't,
Shrowded with clowdes downe from the heau'n did ſlide,
And piping ſate vpon a mountaines ſide:
(Which *Occams* rolling current ouer-peares,
Deſcending from a faire *Paſtoraes* teares,
Who now a marble ſtone, yet weepeth ſtill
To ſee her louer changed to a hill,
Whom iealous *Phœbus* did by force remoue,
Brooking no riuall in his feruent loue,
Framing high pines of his inticing locks,
Changing his teeth to Adamantine rocks)
Thither from heau'n great *Ioue* did hie apace,
And ſate on the transformed ſhepheards face.
So ſweetly ſounded his melodious notes,
That ſheepe and ſhepheards in their homely cotes
Daunc't to his layes, and following the ſound
Did clime the ſteepe hill with a ſolemne round:

A riuer in Virginia.

Among

Among thoſe flocks the beautious Nymph did pace,
Whoſe ſnowy neck vied beauties with her face,
(Nor would it in ſo ſweete a combat yield,
Had not her ample forehead wonne the field)
And on that pole doth ſtand the orbe of loue,
Where *Cupid* in eccentrick rounds doth moue,
And now from her faire eyes his ſhafts doth dart,
Then from her lips, and ſtraight from euery part:
Sweet roſeall lips, doores to thoſe ſacred places,
The gorgeous temples of the glorious graces,
Which gates of Rubie, when they op'ned were,
A ſhrine of pearle and chriſtall did appeare,
From whence delicious Oracles were ſpoken,
Which pleaſing wonders did to all betoken,
Nor is the murmure of *Cecropian* Bees,
Nor ſongs of birds vpon the ayrie trees,
Nor the ſwift riuer falling downe the ſteepe,
Lulling poore ſhepheards with a careleſſe ſleepe,
(Where Nature with her melodie amazeth
The ſillie flocke that on the greene bankes grazeth)
Equiualent with that celeſtiall ſound,
From whence they ſay Muſicke receiu'd her ground:
And firſt from her did *Linus* learne to ſing,
And with the ſweete touch of a pleaſing ſtring
Did imitate the playing of the aire
With golden wires of her diſheueled haire:
Her countenance was ſo Angelike bright,
That the pure ſtarres were blinded at her ſight,
And euer ſince their lights ſo dazled were,
That they were forc't to twinkle in their Sphere:
Her hands were framed like a pretie gin
Ordain'd to catch, and hold all pleaſure in:

And euery part a feruent loue did teach,
Yet ſhe her ſelfe aboue loues wanton reach:
A Coronet ſhe wore, ſhe whilome wonne
Striuing for beautie with the radiant Sunne,
Which mightie *Phœbus* cauſ'd the Houres to make
With cunning labour for *Leucothoes* ſake,
This curious worke with *Indian* pearles was grac't,
Wherein the loues of Gods and men were plac't:
There *Neptune* in a pretious Margarite
Did woe and winne the beautious *Amphitrite*:
There *Iphis* did in humble ſort obey
The cruell frownes of *Anaxarete*:
And Princes loues in arts affections clad,
Excell'd the paſſions they by nature had.
Thus deckt by art and nature did ſhe come,
Whoſe feature ſtrook the ſeeming ſhepheard dumbe,
Nor could his wau'ring thoughts thẽſelues containe,
But now left off, and ſtraightway pip'd againe:
Sometimes his notes he with ſhrill tunes did raiſe
To chaunt aloud the skipping Roundelaies:
And then againe his lowly voyce did fall
To ſing a pleaſant homely Paſtorall:
And eu'ry ſong to the Nymphs honour was
Like ſhepheards muſicke to a countrey Laſſe:
Lik'ning her eyes vnto the glimſing light,
That guides poore heardſmen to their home at night:
Her haire vnto the golden flowres that grow
Along the fragrant banks of filuer *Po:*
Her lips to waxe by curious workmanſhip
Form'd as a paterne to each other lip:
Thus ſung he, till the black and ſhadie night
With vgly forme did feare away the light,

And *Hesperus*, that stands as euening scout,
Began to leade the starrie ring about,
(Which durst not in her spangled suite appeare,
As long as mightie *Titans* light was neere,
By reason of some euerlasting iarres,
That did arise twixt *Phœbus* and the starres)
Then all the Shepheards wearie of the Sunne,
And glad that the laborious day was done,
Began to driue their tender flocks away,
But *Ioue* did force this fillie maide to stay,
Telling her stories how the force of loue
Had bow'd the hearts of Gods that dwelt aboue:
How *Ioue* orecome by this celestiall power,
Deceiu'd poore *Danae* in a golden shower:
How with laments and teares *Apollo* rued
Faire *Daphnes* change, whom he so fast pursued:
Hereat she blusht and to depart she stroue;
But all in vaine against the force of *Ioue*.
This saw the night and glad she was to see
So fit reuenge for the great iniurie,
Wherewith *Ioue* wrong'd her at * *Alcides* birth,
Making her watch three daies vpon the earth:
Therefore in hast the darke malicious night
To iealous *Iuno* doth relate this sight:
Iuno enrag'd with threatning speeches storm'd,
And the poore maide into an herbe transform'd:
Which *Ioue* perceiuing by a vaine embrace
The infant herbe with heau'nly powers did grace,
And on the night he did inflict this paine,
That while the pleasant Summer did remaine,
The luckless night should haue but small command,
But in the frostie winter longest stand.

The euening starre.

Hercules.

Yet

Yet could not *Ioue* forget his former loue,
But ioyning earthly powers, and powers aboue,
Therewith he did adorne this glorious bud,
And fram'd it as a *Micro-coſme* of good,
Making the ground where this ſweet plant did ſpring
To be a cordiall gainſt each noyſome thing,
Endu'd with force all euils to aſſwage,
And now began the famous golden age.
No publike bond of law, no priuate oth
Was needfull to the ſimple faith and troth:
Each had a cenſure in his owne conſent
Without the feare of death or puniſhment:
Nor did the buſie Client feare his cauſe,
Nor in ſtrong braſſe did they engraue their lawes,
Nor did the doubtfull parties faintly tremble,
While the brib'd Iudge did dreadful looks diſſemble:
Then ſafe from harme the vaunting Pine did ſtand,
And had no triall of of the Shipwrights hand,
But ſtood vpon the hill where firſt it grew,
Nor yet was forc'd another world to view:
Nor vnto greedie Merchants yet were knowne
The ſhores of any land beyond their owne:
Eu'ry defenceleſſe Citie then was ſure,
Nor could deepe ditches make it more ſecure:
The harmeleſſe thoughts of that bleſt age did beare
No warlike Trumpet, Cornet, Sword, or Speare,
No furious Souldier needed to defend
The careleſſe folke, which quiet liues did ſpend,
Nor did ambitious Captaines know the way
To paſſe the cliffie ſhores of their owne ſea:
The earth yet free from any forc'd abuſe
Brought forth all things fit for each creatures vſe,

Without the helpe of any humane care,
Vntoucht by harrow, and vncut by ſhare,
And mortall men vpon thoſe meates did feede,
Which of themſelues did from the earth proceede,
The mountaine Strawberie, and bitter Sloe,
And Mulberies which on rough boughs doe grow,
And homely Akornes, which did whilom fall
From the high trees, which *Ioue* his owne doth call:
The pleaſant yeare was an eternall ſpring,
Where Weſterne winds continual flowres did bring:
The fertile earth vnmanur'd and vntild,
The bounteous gift of plenteous corne did yeeld:
Nor did the field renew'd each ſeu'rall yeare
Make windy ſounds with many a waightie eare:
Brookes did with Milke, and pleaſant *Nectar* goe,
And yellow hony from the trees did flow:
Al good without conſtraint, heau'n, ſea, men, ground,
No gold, no ſhip, no law, no plough, no bound.
Till *Proſerpine* by this abuſed flame,
(Striuing to purchaſe an immortall name)
Reueng'd with raging fire her ancient ſpite
On *Tellus* and the ſcornefull * *Amphitrite*: The Goddeſſe of the ſea.
(Which oft had mockt her manſion place of hell,
And call'd it darkſome hole, and duskie cell)
Therefore the Furies ſhe in haſt commands
To burne the fruitfull earth with fierie brands,
And when their hands ſuch inſtruments did want,
She made them torches of this ſacred plant:
By which they fir'd the world, and that once done,
About the earth in raging ſort they runne,
And euer ſince they by theſe flames did cauſe
Famine, diſſention, plagues, and breach of lawes.

(Yet was the helliſh Queene with feare diſtract,
Leaſt *Ioue* ſhould know and puniſh this foule fact:
Therefore ſhe hir'd the Poets long agone
To caſt the fault vpon poore *Phaëton*)
Now when this honour'd herbe was once abuſ'd,
All paines, all plagues were on the world infuſ'd,
And then the wicked iron age began,
Shame, truth, and faith from earthly manſions ran,
And in their place came fraud, and cloked vice,
Treaſon, and force, and impious auarice:
The Mariner whom hope of lucre blinds,
Haſts to the ſea vnexpert in the winds,
And trees that long had ſtood on mountaines high,
As ſhips vpon the vncouth waues doe lie:
The Merchant then the boiſtrous ſea did plow,
Spite of the frowne of *Neptunes* angrie brow,
Nor could the horrour of one iourneyes paine
Feare greedie thoughts from ventring ſo againe:
Neptune then grieued with the wounds and dints,
Which in his face this curious worke emprints,
(And mou'd with * *Cybels* outcries, which did frowne
To ſee her hils defac'd, and Pines puld downe,
And Natures plaints, whoſe lawes it had beguil'd)
Made the Sea ſtormie, which before was mild:
Since which the ribs of broken ſhips doe ſhow,
What hurts and dangers by this engine grow,
Which makes each fertile countrie want the more,
By ſeeming Steward of each countries ſtore.
Now did the warie reaper with long bounds
Deuide to portions the vnited grounds,
Which erſt were common to each mortall wight,
As is the liquide ayre, or pleaſant light:

The Goddeſſe to whom the Pine is dedicated.

Nor

Nor did they onely take the needfull corne,
And daily food, which from the earth was borne,
But to the bowels of their mother ſought,
And curſed riches from the center brought,
Which the wiſe earth had couer'd vneſpide,
And neere vnto the *Stygian* waues did hide.
Firſt then began the phraſes, Mine, and Thine:
Pure water turn'd to artificiall wine:
Pleaſure vnknowne, and more then ſimple mirth
Start vp with gold from out the mangled earth:
Then bounds, then contracts at a racking price,
And from thoſe bounds ſprung boundleſſe auarice:
Then hurtfull ſteele the workmans hand did feele,
And gold more hurtfull then the hurtfull ſteele:
And when both theſe were comen to perfect growth,
Frõ thence came warre, that fights with help of both:
Then did the ſouldier, which in battell ſtands,
Shake glittring weapons with his bloodie hands:
All liu'd by wrong: each friend his friend did feare,
And brethren ſeldome linkt in friendſhip were:
The husband ſeekes the death of his owne wife,
And ſhe againe grieues at her husbands life:
The angrie ſtepdames fearfull poyſons make,
Which their new husbands hated child may take:
And the ſonne wearie of his fathers ſtay,
Longs for his death before his fatall day.
White Pieties diſperſed reliques lie
Conquer'd, and ſpoil'd of earthly dignitie,
And then *Aſtræa* laſt of heau'nly powers Iuſtice.
Forſooke the earth reeking with bloodie ſhowers.
Yet was not vice aſcended to the height:
Yet might our pond'rous ſoules endure the weight

Of our corrupted fleſh: yet might we ſay
The growth of ſinnes perfection wants a day:
Till the fierce Giants of Viperean birth
Made loftie heau'n no more ſecure then earth,
Seeking *Ioues* kingdome by preſumptuous warres,
Building high mountaines to the trembling ſtarres:
But *Ioue* the hils did from *Olympus* toſſe,
And caſt great *Pelion* from the top of *Oſſe*:
And when the furious Giants thus were kild,
By the great weight which their own hãds did build,
The earth gaue life vnto her childrens blood,
And fram'd them liuing bodies of her mud,
And (leaſt no ſigne ſhould of her ſtocke remaine)
She chang'd them to the formes of men againe,
Who not degen'rate from their bloodie birth,
Defi'd the heauen, and defil'd the earth.
Then firſt ambitious mortals gan to riſe,
And with vaine pride did the great Gods deſpiſe,
Still warr'd they with the Gods, ſtill had the worſt,
And when their hands could do no more, they curſt:
Nor could the flood that inward ſpot deface,
Still it continued in the humane race,
Creeping vnſeene, ſubiecting eu'ry part,
Till it poſſeſt our chiefeſt towre, our hart:
Which thus infected did a battell wage
Gainſt the remainders of the golden age.
Goddeſſe of wrath and deſpite. Then curſed *Ate* firſt began her raigne,
And plac't her throne vpon the fluent maine,
Ioying to ſee the billowes in their pride
Toſſe totter'd ſhips with perill on each ſide:
Yet ſorie *Neptune* ſhould ſo largely ſup,
And glad againe, when ought he vomits vp.

By her hath eu'ry thing corrupted beene
From the earths center to the heau'nly Queene:
(Which ſtands aboue the reach of earthly feares,
The loweſt of the pure celeſtiall ſphæres)
The fertile earth corrupted by theſe ſeedes
Brought forth vnholeſome plants, & fruitleſſe weeds:
The water not content with her owne bounds,
Vſurpt vpon the neere adiacent grounds:
The ayre infected did infect the breath,
From whence aroſe the inſtruments of death:
The fire ſo hid her ſelfe, that none could ſee
Where her abode or proper place ſhould bee:
Then ſickneſſe came on the infected earth,
Some fell in youth, ſome periſht in their birth,
And whereas mortals neuer died before,
Till ſpent with age their lights could burne no more,
Now fathers eyes were made a watrie ſourſe,
To waſh their ſonnes graues in prepoſt'rous courſe.
And had not the immortall Gods at laſt,
Pitying the ſorrowes ſillie men had paſt,
Cheriſht poore ſoules with their eternall loue,
And ſent *Apollo Paan* from aboue,
To croſſe the purpoſe which the hag intended,
Long ſince her malice all the world had ended:
Yet could not carefull *Phœbus* quite deface
The venome *Ate* on the earth did place,
Till *Aeſculapius* great *Apolloes* ſonne
(Enuying the glorie ſhepheard *Pan* had wonne,
When of his loue transform'd he did inuent
The pleaſure of a Muſicke inſtrument)
Deſcri'd this herbe to our new golden age,
And did deuiſe a pipe, which ſhould aſſwage

The wounds, which ſorrow in our hearts did fixe,
More then the ſound of flutes, and fiddle-ſticks,
And by the force thereof (as Poets faine)
Brought torne *Hippolytus* to life againe,
And watchmen ſet, and them Phiſitians call'd
Men, whom the Muſes had before enſtall'd,
Whoſe carefull ſoules were by this potion fir'd,
And by the power of this ſweete herbe inſpir'd,
Which by the vertue of their ſacred hands
Deliuer'd men from death, and ſicknes bands.
Others affirme the Gods were ignorant
Of the confection of ſo ſweet a plant:
For had they knowne this ſmokes delicious ſmack,
The vault of heau'n ere this time had been black,
And by the operation of this fume
Been purg'd for euer of her clowdie rheume:
Daintie *Ambroſia* with a loth'd diſdaine
Had been made meate for each milk-pottage-braine:
Ioues Ganymede had neuer ſmelt of drinke,
The heau'nly Mazers flowing ore the brinke,
Nor fixen *Iuno* euer broke his head
For ſpilling *Nectar* on the gorgeous bed:
Gods would haue reueld at their feaſts of mirth
With the pure diſtillation of the earth,
The marrow of the world, ſtarre of the Weſt,
The pearle, whereby this lower Orbe is bleſt,
The ioy of mortals, vmpire of all ſtrife,
Delight of nature, *Mithridate* of life,
The daintieſt diſh of a delicious feaſt,
By taking which man differs from a beaſt.
Thrice happie Iſles, which ſteale the worlds delight,
And doe produce ſo rich a Margarite:

Had

Had but the old Heroick ſpirits knowne
The newes, which fame vnto our eares hath blowne,
Colchis, and the remote *Heſperides*
Had not been ſought for halfe ſo much as theſe:
Nor had the fluent wits of ancient *Greece*
Praiſ'd the rich apples, or the golden fleece:
Nor had *Apolloes* garland been of bayes,
Nor *Homer* writ of ſweete *Nepenthes* praiſe:
Nor had *Anacreon* with a ſugred gloſe
Extold the vertues of the fragrant Roſe:
Nor needed *Hermes* with his fluent tongue
Haue ioin'd in one a rude vnciuill throng,
And by perſwaſions made that companie
An order'd Politike ſocietie,
When this dumbe Oratour would more perſwade,
Then all the ſpeeches *Mercurie* had made:
Nor honour'd *Ceres* been create diuine,
And worſhipt ſo at curious *Eleuſine*,
Whom blinder ages did ſo much adorne
For the inuention of the vſe of corne:
Nor *Saturnes* feaſt had been the ioyfull day,
Wherein the *Romanes* waſht their cares away,
But in the honour of great *Trinidade*
A new *Tabacconalia* had been made:
Had watrie *Neptune* knowne the force of this
He had preuail'd, and *Athens* had been his,
His gift the Oliue would as farre exceed,
As *Pallas* gift excell'd his trampling ſteed:
Immortall *Chiron* had he knowne this leafe,
(Hurt by an arrow of *Alcides* ſheafe)
Had neuer wiſht the troden mortall way,
But might haue well been cur'd, and liu'd for aye:

Nepenthes ſignifieth a drink to take away ſorow or care.

Had

Had foule *Therſites* with his ſpitefull hart,
Crook'd in each inward, and each outward part,
By this *Elixir* been but once refin'd,
He would haue chang'd his bodie, and his mind:
Or had the Bees that *Platoes* lips did grace,
Suckt hony from this ſweete Tabacco-place,
He had ſurpaſt, and ſtain'd himſelfe as farre,
As others by his ſtile obſcured are:
With this had *Circe* in her pleaſant caue
Temper'd the potion ſhe *Vlyſſes* gaue,
He neuer would haue wiſht, that his bleſt eyes
Might once behold his countries ſmoke ariſe:
Had ancient Heralds knowne this ſacred plant,
Of which their luckleſſe age was ignorant,
When they did giue the worlds moſt worthie things,
As glorious enſignes to victorious Kings,
Tabacco had been richer armorie,
Then Lions, Croſſes, or ſpread Eaglets be:
Did the French * *Druids* liue, and were obey'd,
Nicot (that firſt this herbe to *France* conuey'd)
Should be the God of pleaſures and delights,
Worſhipt with pompe on *Bacchanalian* nights,
And in his praiſe the barb'rous Prieſts would ſing
Vntuned numbers in a iarring ſtring,
Caruing harſh rimes on eu'ry knottie tree,
More crookt and rugged, then the booke could bee,
Sounding in eu'ry homely verſe they frame
The treble accent of God *Nicots* name:
Had the ſage *Chaldees* which did name the ſtars,
And were the firſt, and beſt Aſtronomers,
Seene the great wonders, which our eyes haue ſeene,
This plant had then a conſtellation beene.

The *Druids* were Prieſts much reuerenced among the ſauage Britaines and Frenchmen.

Nor

Nor had the honour'd Ramme begun the yeare;
Nor the high Northerne pole adorn'd the Beare;
Nor *Ioue* disgrac'd, nor with his Minions fild
Th'engrauen vault, which first his hands did build:
Our herbe had been a Planet, and indu'd
With light aboue the greatest magnitude,
And when this starre had stood in good aspect
With happie Planets of the best effect,
He, whom the proud world thē to light should bring,
Had been a Poet, or at least a King:
Saturne had neuer brag'd his chariot went
The next vnto the azure firmament:
Nor had the Sunne in his Maiestick pride
Been thron'd with equall Planets on each side:
Nor for high births had the Astrologer
Markt the coniunction of great *Iupiter*.
Were my quaint polisht tongue my soules best hopes,
And grac't with figures, colours, schemes, and tropes,
This herbe would surpasse in excellence
The great'st Hyperboles of eloquence:
Yet this sweete simple by misordred vse
Death or some dang'rous sickneſse may induce,
Should we not for our sustentation eate,
Because a surfet comes from too much meate?
Should we not thirst with mod'rate drinke represse,
Because a dropsie springs from such excesse?
Should we not take some holesome exercise
To chafe our vaines, and stretch our arteries,
Because abus'd in a laborious kind
It hurts the bodie, and amates the mind?
So our faire plant, that doth as needfull stand,
As heau'n, or fire, or aire, or sea, or land,

As Moone, or Starres, that rule the gloomie night,
Or *Tullies* friendship, or the Sunnie light,
Her sacred vertue in her selfe enroules,
And leaues the euill in vaine-glorious soules,
And yet who dyes cloid with celestiall breath,
Shall dye with ioy a *Diagorian* death.
All goods, all pleasures it in one doth linke,
Tis Phisick, clothing, Musick, meate and drinke:
It makes the hungrie soules forget their wants,
And nimbly daunce like skipping *Corybants:
By force of this *Timon* that odious beast
Would haue turn'd iester at each solemne feast,
And by one draught of this *Americk* grape
Haue been *Laberius* or *Sarmentus* ape:
Nor would* the *Cynick* in his homely tunne
Haue askt the shining of the gen'rall Sunne,
But had he then this herbes great vertues knowne,
He would haue beg'd it of *the *Macedone*.
The *Faunes* and *Satyres* which doe lightly praunce,
The beasts that after *Orpheus* musick daunce,
At sight of this would haue forgot the sound,
The *Ecchoes* would no more the voice rebound,
Orpheus himselfe would haue forsooke his Lute,
And altogether stood amaz'd, and mute.
The lumpish *Stoicks*, which did thus decree,
A mortall man might without passion bee,
Had they once cast their careless eyes on this,
Would soone haue shown what humane nature is:
The *Epicureans*, whose chiefe good was plac't
In earthly pleasures vaine voluptuous tast,
Had our *Tabacco* in their daies been found,
Had built their frame on a more likely ground.

Diagoras died for ioy.

*Cybels Priests, that daunced much in their sacrifice.

Diogenes.

*Alexander.

Pyrrho that held all by opinion ſtood,
Would haue affirm'd this were by nature good:
The rude *Laconians*, whom *Lycurgus* care
Barr'd from the traffick of exotick ware,
Had * *Malea* been with ſuch a treaſure fraught,
Would haue eſteem'd their ſtricteſt acts at nought,
And with a ſlight pretence, or fained cauſe,
Haue crackt the credit of their cobweb lawes.
When eloquent *Hegeſias* cauſ'd men die
With diſputation of liues miſerie,
Had this life-giuing pleaſant potion then
Been once imparted to thoſe deſp'rate men,
It would haue ſooner forced them to liue,
Then the commaunds great *Ptolomie* could giue:
Had *Phœbus Hyacinth*, or faire *Narciſſus*,
Venus Adonis, or ſweete *Cyparisſus*,
By the propitious Gods been turn'd to this,
Happie had been their *Metamorphoſis*:
Yet it may be to this they were not turn'd,
Becauſe their louers grieu'd to ſee them burn'd:
This is the *Opium*, which the *Turks* doe take,
When they their hearts would light & iocund make:
By this *Medea* did her drinke compoſe,
Which *AEſon* did from aged bonds vnloſe:
You finde not a diuiner herbe then this,
In all *Albertus de miraculis*:
Or the huge Herbals, which vaine fooles obey,
In *Porta*, *Fuchſius*, and great *Dodoney*:
In it Phiſitians haue no skill at all,
It is an eſſence *Metaphyſicall*,
Nor is a thing ſo exquiſite, ſo pure,
Compoſ'd of any common temp'rature:

* A Hauen nere *Sparta* among the *Lacedæmonians*.

Nor can the *Scepticks*, or *Empiricks* see
This herbs great vertue, nature and degree:
Who takes this med'cine need not greatly care,
Who *Galenists*, who *Paracelsians* are:
Nor need he seeke their *Rosaries*, their *Summes*,
Their *Secrets*, their *Dispensatoriums*:
Nor fill his pocket with their costly bils,
Nor stuffe his maw with their vnsau'ry pils,
Nor make huge pitfals in his tender vaines,
With thousand other more then hellish paines,
But by this herbes celestiall qualitie
May keepe his health in mirth and iollitie:
It is the fountaine whence all pleasure springs,
A potion for imperiall crowned Kings:
He that is master of so rich a store,
May laugh at *Cræsus*, and esteeme him poore,
And with his smokie scepter in his fist
Securely flout the toyling *Alchymist*,
Who daily labours with a vaine expence
In distillations of the quint-essence,
Not knowing, that this golden herbe alone
Is the Philosophers admired stone:
It is your gallants med'cine singular,
As Possets to the wearied Ploughman are:
* *Alcinous* trees, nor the *Isles fortunate*
Cannot afford so sweet a delicate:
Teucer had neuer purg'd his cares with wine,
Had he but dream't of Phisick so diuine:
Nor *Bacchus* had been Patrone of delight,
Nor gouern'd Tigers with his princely might,
Nor conquer'd all the nations of the earth,
Because he tam'd their sauage minds with mirth:

Scepticks are those Phisitians which deale by searching into nature, but *Empiricks* by experience.

*The King of the Phæacians, whose orchard *Homer* describes.

Nor

Nor had * *Mercuriall*, or herbe *Gentiane*
The glorious names of Gods, or Princes tane:
Moly of which the * Prince of Poets wrote,
Spaines Triacle, or the ſtrongeſt * *Antidote*,
Is not ſo good againſt a Magicke ſpell,
Nor deadly poyſon from th'heart t'expell,
As our moſt glorious plant: which had it beene
In ancient times, and famous ages ſeene,
The fruitfull Oliue, and ſweet-ſmelling Bayes
Had neuer been the ſignes of peace, and praiſe:
Long ſince the bleſſed Thiſtle, and Herbe-grace
Had loſt their names, and been accounted baſe,
Had great *Tabacco* pleaſ'd to ſhew her powers,
As now ſhe doth in this bleſt age of ours,
Bleſt age, wherein the *Indian* Sunne had ſhin'd,
Whereby all Arts, all tongues haue been refin'd:
Learning long buried in the darke abyſme
Of dunſticall, and monkiſh barbariſme,
When once this herbe by carefull paines was found,
Sprung vp like *Cadmus* followers from the ground,
Which Muſes viſitation bindeth vs,
More to great *Cortez*, and *Veſpucius*,
Then to our wittie *Mores* immortall name,
To *Valla*, or the learned *Rott'rodame*:
And our poore tongue, which long had barren laine,
Wanting the fall of ſweete Parnaſſian raine,
Was lightned by this Planets radiant beames,
Which riſing from the Weſterne ocean ſtreames,
Melteth the drie clowdes to celeſtiall ſhowres,
And on our heads thoſe heau'nly fountaines powres:
Had the *Caſtalian* Muſes knowne the place,
Which this *Ambroſia* did with honour grace,

* *Mercuriall* or *Mercurie*, *Gentiane* of *Gentius* King of *Illyricum*.
* *Homer*.
* *Antidote* is any remedie againſt poyſon.

* *Cortez* and *Veſpucius* were two that helpt eſpecially to the true knowledge of *America*.

They would haue left *Parnassus* long agoe,
And chang'd their *Phocis* for *Wingandekoe*;
Yet it may be the people voide of sense,
With sauage rites, and manners fear'd them thence:
But our more glorious Nymph, our moderne Muse,
Which life and light doth to the North infuse,
Which doth with ioint and mutuall honour grace
Her place with learning, learning with her place:
In whose respect the Muses barb'rous are,
The Graces rude, nor is the *Phœnix* rare:
Which farre exceedes her predecessours facts,
Nor are their wondrous acts, now wondrous acts:
Which by her wisdome, and her Princely powers
Defends the walles of *Albions* cliffie towers,
Hath vncontrol'd stretcht out her mightie hand
Ouer *Virginia*, and the *New-found-land*,
And spread the Colours of our *English* Rose
In the farre countries, where *Tabacco* growes,
And tam'd the sauage nations of the West,
Which of this iewell were in vaine possest:
Nor is it maruaile that this pretious gem
Is thus beset with beasts, and kept by them,
When it is likely, that almightie *Ioue*,
By such fierce keepers to obscure it stroue,
Bearing against it an immortall hate,
As the gainsayer of eternall fate:
Besides a thousand dangers circle round,
What euer good within this world is found,
Least mortals should no worke, nor trade professe,
But spend their daies in lust, and idlenesse:
And least their fickle thoughts should soone disdaine
The things they got but with a little paine:

Therefore

Therefore beſt fruites are couer'd with hard ſhels,
The ſweeteſt water is in deepeſt wels,
And *Indian* Ants as big as Maſtiues hold
A place moſt fertile of deſired gold,
Sicile the garner of the earth, her pride
Hath *Scylla* and *Charybdis* on each ſide,
And in times paſt had a plague worſe then theſe,
Of the fierce *Cyclops* and *Laeſtrygones*,
The horride Dragon, which did neuer ſleepe,
The Orchard of the golden fruite did keepe,
And in the countries, which be hot and drie,
The dreadfull beaſts about the fountaines lie,
And *Gotthiſh Spaniards* haue the royaltie,
Where glorious gold, and rich *Tabacco* be,
A nation worſe then the *Laeſtrygones*,
And farre more ſauage then the *Sauages*:
Yet doth not this diuine *Tabacco* ſoile,
Which ſhines like a bright Diamond in a foile,
And doth as farre excell the golden graines,
As gold the braſſe, or ſiluer pewter ſtaines,
Although the *Chymiſts* ſay, our mother beares
Gold in her wombe ſo many thouſand yeares,
Ere ſhe can perfect what ſhe hath begunne,
And bring to full growth that terreſtriall Sunne:
And though the * *Theban Lyrick* crown'd with bayes
Begins his Odes with that ſweet mettals praiſe,
Yet counteruailes it not this herbs deſart,
But only ſhares a yonger brothers part:
For this our praiſed plant on high doth ſore
Aboue the baſer droſſe of earthly ore,
Like the braue ſpirit, and ambitious mind,
Whoſe Eaglets eyes the Sunne-beames cannot blind,

Fierce people dwelling neere *Sicilie*, of whom *Homer* ſpeakes.

Pindarus.

Nor

Nor can the clog of pouertie depresse
Such soules in base, and natiue lowlinesse,
But proudly scorning to behold the earth,
They leape at Crownes, and reach aboue their birth:
Despised mud sinkes to the center straight,
But worthie things will striue to get on height:
So our sweete herbe all earthly drosse doth hate,
Though in the earth both nourisht, and create,
And as the nature is of smoke, and fire
Leaues this low orbe, and labours to aspire
Wrapt in the cincture of her smokie shroudes,
Mixing her vapours with the ayrie cloudes,
And from these fumes ascending to the skies,
Some say the dewes, and gentle showres arise,
And from the fire thereof the *Cyclops* stroue
To frame the mightie thunderbolts of *Ioue*:
This is a sauour which the Gods doth please,
If they doe feed on smoke (as *Lucian* sayes)
Therefore the cause that the bright Sunne doth rest
At the low point of the declining West,
When his oft-wearied horses breathlesse pant,
Is to refresh himselfe with this sweet plant,
Which wanton *Thetis* from the West doth bring,
To ioy her loue after his toilesome ring:
For 't is a cordiall for an inward smart,
As is *Dictamnum* to the wounded Hart:
It is the sponge that wipes out all our woe;
'Tis like the thorne that doth on *Pelion* grow,
With which who-ere his frostie limbes anoints,
Shall feele no cold in his benummed ioints;
'Tis like the riuer, which who ere doth tast,
Forgets his present griefes and sorrowes past:

Musicke,

Muſick, which cauſeth vexed thoughts retire,
And for a while ceaſe their tormenting fire:
Muſick the prize, which when the eares haue ſtole,
They doe conuey into th'attentiue ſoule:
Muſick, which forceth beaſts to ſtand at gaze,
And doth the rude and ſenſeleſſe ſoules amaze:
Compar'd to this, is like delicious ſtrings,
Which ſound but harſhly while *Apollo* ſings:
The braine with this infum'd all quarrell ends,
Tullie and *Clodius* will be faithfull friends,
And like another *Craſſus* one carouſe
Will linke againe *Pompey*, and *Cæſars* houſe,
And quickly ſtint the inhumane deſignes
Of furious * *Guelphes*, and warlike *Gibellines*.
The man that ſhall this ſmokie Magick proue,
Shall need no * *Philters* to obtaine his loue,
But ſhall be deckt with farre more pleaſing grace,
Then ere was *Nireus* or *Narciſſus* face.
Here could I tell you, how vpon the ſeas
Some men haue faſted with it fortie daies:
How thoſe, to whom *Plinie* no mouths did giue,
Doe only on diuine *Tabacco* liue:
How *Andron*, which did paſſe the *Lybian* ſands
Vnto the place where *Hammons* Temple ſtands,
And neuer dranke, nor was he euer dry,
Suppreſt the heate of raging thirſt thereby:
How a dull *Cynick* by the force of it
Hath got a pleaſing geſture, and good wit:
How ſparing *Demea* whom the *Comick* chaunged,
By this was from his former ſelfe eſtraung'd:
How many Cowards baſe and recreant,
By one pipes draught were turned valiant,

Craſſus was the onely bond (while he liued) of *Cæſar* and *Pompeyes* friendſhip.
* *Guelphes* and *Gibellines* were a mighty faction in *Italie*.
**Philters* be charmes to obtaine loue.

And after in an artificiall mist
Haue ouerthrowne their foes before they wist;
How one that dreamt of a *Tabacco* roll,
Though sick before, was straight made perfect whole.
Peace pratling Muse, offend sage eares no more,
Die in the seas which canst not get the shore,
And sinke, as ouerwhelm'd with too much matter,
Least telling all the world should thinke thee flatter:
Doe not, like curious *Plinie*, seeke to know,
Whence the earths smoke, and secret flames do grow,
Least this immortall fire, and sacred fume,
Like to *Vesuuius* doe thy powers consume:
But clok'd with vapours of a duskie hue,
Bid both the world and thy sweet herbe Adue.

Plinie was burnt searching to know from whence the fire of the hill *Vesuuius* did rise.

ἱέμενος καὶ κάπνον ἀπεθρώσκοντα νοῆσαι.

FINIS.

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